

FROM THE NEW YORK HERALD.
THE BLESSINGS OF JACKSON'S AND VAN BUREN'S ADMINISTRATION.

The People of this once happy country are now enjoying the fruits of their peaceful administration, in confounding the designs of their affairs to men, however by the want of every qualification for government. There was not a single Jackson, before entering office, which was not by his misdeeds ruined; there was not a single which was not shamefully broken; there was hardly a member of his administration which did not terminate in the same disastrous failure.

By his known and studied the French and prostrated the independence of Congress.

By his anxiety to render the Government a simple machine, he absorbed all the power of the Government in the hands of the Executive.

By his **Expenditure** he **reduces** the **expenditure** of Government.

By his **Yield** of the **United States Bank** he destroyed a **valuable** institution, and scattered the public treasures among eighty **per cent.** every one of which was obliged to demand special payment.

By the importation of gold and silver, when the balance of trade was largely against us, he brought us largely in debt to foreign countries, diminished consequently the value of all our exports, made our **merchants** bankrupt, and prostrated that **VALUABLE CREDIT** which is the life of our commerce and manufactures.

And finally, by his **HUMBLE EFFORTS** to **secure** a **purely METALLIC** **CURRENCY**—a **currency** which cannot exist among any **free**, **civilized**, and **commercial** **People**—a **currency** only fit for **slaves** and **savages**—he debauched the **community** with **RAZZIA** **EXALTED PAPER**. The calamity, which all the **troubles** of a disastrous war failed to bring upon us, was induced by the blind, blundering, and **prodigal** **policy** of an **under** **caption** of **swindlers** and **vagabonds**.

And all this was anticipated of the rule of General Jackson, by the men who best knew his disposition and capacities. Mr. Clay told us truly that his election would be a more serious calamity than war, **RAZZIA**, **PANIC**. And the very men who sustained him after his elevation with all the **injustice** of **sympathizers**, were the earliest and the loudest in denouncing his **unfitness** for the station.

Mr. Van Buren came into power with a **pledge** to carry out the measures which his "distinguished predecessor" had resolved should be carried into execution. They were carried out with a vengeance. Hardly was he seated in the chair of the Executive when calamity stalked through our country. No war—no **perilous**—so **far** **distanced** our borders. In the midst of peace, a sudden paralysis seized on the industry of the country, and **ruin** threatened us in every form.

The Government roused itself. Mr. Van Buren convoked Congress, that its wisdom might relieve our distress. The Representatives of the People assembled. In breathless anxiety they waited the declaration of the oracle to the important question, what shall we do to be saved?

And what was proposed to Congress by this oracle of wisdom?

Let every one take care of himself, said the Jackson when he was dancing among the chickens.

LET COMMERCE TAKE CARE OF ITSELF, and the President of a people essentially **commercial**.

LET THE EXCHANGES MANAGE THEMSELVES, said this great **Government** banker.

LET THIS CURRENCY GO OR AS IT MAY, said this **wholesale** dealer in millions, whose influence and power on the **commerce** and the **exchanges** and the **currency** have made them what they are.

My predecessor has been striving during the greater part of his Administration to regulate these affairs, and his regulations have entangled them in hopeless confusion.

I WILL ABANDON THE WHOLE CONCERN. MY GENRE FOR ALL THE EVILS OF THE TIMES IS TO DO NOTHING. THIS I PROPOSE TO DO, AND I HAVE CONVENED CONGRESS TO ASSIST ME IN SOING IT.

Such was the language of the President in his first message. Meanwhile what has taken place? The Government has not let us alone. The use of the revenue derived from commerce, always a **commercial** **capital**, has been withdrawn. The millions of the Treasury have been hoarded in the iron chests of its agencies. The sub-Treasury has actually been in operation, and war has been declared and carried on to the knife against the banking institutions of the country. We are on the eve of another **commercial** convulsion, and **confusion**, **bankruptcy**, and **distress** stare us in the face.

Now, we lay down, and we are prepared to maintain, that the Government of the United States has the exclusive right to regulate the commerce of the country.

It has exercised this right fully, constantly, and extensively, from the first moment of its existence.

In the practice of the Government, its revenue is the product of commerce. Even the millions it has received for the sale of the public lands have been borrowed, for the most part, from that revenue, through the facilities which the Administration has afforded to the purchasers of the public domain.

The Treasury is supported by the products of commerce, and the revenue is eminently in its Treasury, the Government enters into the market of production, supply, and expends its twenty millions per annum for its Army, its Navy, and whenever else it has occasion to sustain.

By whatever high name the Government may be known, in its intercourse with the citizens, it is, in fact, in the practical operations of the country, a **great BANKER**, with an immense capital, uniting to the **possessor** of political power the influences of transcendent and unrivaled wealth.

Its wealth and its power combined raise above rivalry or competition. Every thing has added to its magnitude.

In the early days of the Constitution, this tremendous power was harmoniously

combined with the lawful pursuits of the **five millions** in popular elections, and in **citizens**. The Government was a **co-part**, **one** with the **merchants** in all that tended to **serve** the **interests** of **commerce** and **prosperity**. It may not be denied that by this **combination** of **money**, **political** **capital**, **war**, **influence**, **power**, **inflated**, and **prosperity** **entered** **the** **system** which has **survived** to the **history** of the **world**.

A **central** **and** **most** **over** **prosperous** **and** **rich** **country**.

The **present** **Administration** has declared a **war** of **extermination** against the **whole** **credit** and **banking** **system** of the **country**, and, from present appearances, they will enjoy the high and proud satisfaction of seeing their designs fully realized.

BUT THE **PEOPLE** will hold Mr. Van Buren and his supporters **ASPROFESSORS** for the **measures** by which they have been **prostrated**. They will draw the lines, mark the men, and pursue them with an **indefatigable** and **unceasing** **order**, till they have been driven from the places they have **defiled**, and **expatriate**, in a **compulsory** **retirement**, the **wrongs** and **sufferings** of which have **inflicted** upon them. As long as **WICKED RULE**, **THE PEOPLE** may **prepare** **to** **REVENGE**.

FROM THE PITTSBURG ADVOCATE.

CHINA: OUR MODEL.

The **Globe** holds up the example of that great democratic, or rather **locofoco** nation, **China**, as affording a brilliant example of a hard money Government, with a **sub-treasury**! The **Chinese** are good **locofocos**, inasmuch as they yield implicit obedience to the national executive; and they are genuine **locofocos**, because they practice what they preach, and will have nothing to do with **banks**. In this they differ essentially from ours. There is another point in which the resemblance is much closer—they will both cheat their Government whenever they can get a chance.

Such is the administration the Whigs now oppose. It is in their power to do it, but it can only be done by cordial UNION, and vigorous, energetic ACTION. Our opponents entertain strong hopes that this **union** will be wanting, and consequently base their anticipations of success upon our dissensions. In this they will be disappointed; for whatever difference of opinion there may be among the Whigs at this time in reference to the individual to be nominated as the Whig candidate for President, that difference will yield before the strong conviction of duty, so soon as the National Convention shall have designated our candidate. The nomination of that Convention, every true hearted Whig will sustain, and exert all his influence to elect, and if they are true to themselves and their country, they will elect him.

The **reverses** of the Whigs in Tennessee and Indiana, though calculated to dampen our spirits for a moment, are but trifling matters. The American troops were beaten over and over again, during the Revolutionary contest, and yet Washington never despaired, and finally the cause of Liberty and human rights triumphed. So it will be now. Men organized in a glorious cause never despair—**Philadelphian Whig**.

AN INCIDENT.—The following passage occurs in the recently published **Memoirs** of **Mrs. Hemans**. We shall give other extracts from time to time.

"It was about this time that a circumstance occurred by which Mrs. Hemans was greatly affected and impressed. A stranger one day called at her house, and begged earnestly to see her. She was then just recovering from one of her frequent illnesses, and was obliged to decline the visit of all but her immediate friends. The applicant was therefore told that she was unable to receive him; but he persisted in entreating for a few minutes' audience, with such urgent importunity, that at last the point was conceded. The moment he was admitted, the gentleman (for such his manner and appearance declared him to be,) explained in words and tones of the deepest feeling, that the object of his visit was to acknowledge a debt of obligation which he could not rest satisfied without avowing—that to her he owed, in the first instance, that faith and those hopes which were now more precious to him than life itself; for that it was by reading her poem of *The Script* he had been first awakened from the miserable delusions of infidelity, and induced to "search the *Scriptures*." Having poured forth his thanks and benedictions in an uncontrollable gush of emotion, this strange, but interesting visitant took his departure, leaving her overwhelmed with a mingled sense of joyful gratitude and wondering humility."

THE LARGEST PUMPKIN THAT EVER SAW.—We have seen a **Pumpkin** raised in a garden in Elizabeth Town, which weighed when taken from the vine 1874 lbs., and measured 7 feet in circumference. There were also raised in the same patch, six other pumpkins, the average weight of all of which exceeded 105 lbs.

A gentleman who attended the recent Fair in New York, says that the largest pumpkin there exhibited, was not larger than the 2d of the above pumpkins. In weight they are as follows:

No. 1—1874 lbs.; 2—122 lbs.; 3—119 lbs.; 4—96 lbs.; 5—75 lbs.; 6—68 lbs.; 7—63 lbs.

Massachusetts and Connecticut must yield the palm to New Jersey after all.—*New Jersey Journal*.

A NEW ENGLAND WOMAN.—An old lady

76 years of age, who resides in West Newton, near Boston, one day last week started from her place of residence, and walked the whole distance to this city, nine miles, between 9 and 1 o'clock being only four hours upon the road, and walking at the rate of more than two miles an hour.

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.—Two Yankees, an account of whose exploits we published the other day, headed "Perilous adventure at the Falls," while on the little speck of rock, where no human being probably ever stood before, and whence their escape seemed almost hopeless and while the spectators were waiting in almost breathless suspense, for them to make their arrangements to attempt an escape, were busily employed in cutting cases for sale!—*N. Y. Express*.

It is better, upon the whole, to mind one's own concerns, than to be concerned concerning concerns that concern other people.

THE WHIGS FOR THE UNION.

MR. CLAY.

The New York Whig relates the following anecdote in illustration of the plain, unassuming manners of Mr. Clay.

Some years ago, a plain looking man arrived late of an evening at the Tremont House in Boston, and inquired for accommodations. The gentleman inquired politely informed him, that he had no private apartment, and it would be impossible to accommodate another guest. "But it is now late, and the traveler, and you would oblige me exceedingly if you could afford shelter for the night." The landlady, eyesing the stranger from head to foot, and supposing him to be a country farmer from the interior, at length offered him a sofa bed in a room with three other persons, if that would be acceptable. "O yes," said the traveler, "if the gentleman themselves will not be inconvenienced, I am content." The stranger's trunks were at once in the porter's hands, on their way to the chamber in the third story of the Tremont. A pot, ink and book were then handed the stranger, who entered his room after the thousands already recorded in the Tremont books; and was already following a servant to his room, when the landlady hurried out, "Stop, sir—you cannot sleep in that room, sir—I beg pardon, but you cannot." William, attend the gentleman to No.—The name of the stranger was Henry Clay. The landlady was Steetee, (now of the Astor House,) who for that night gave up his comfortable apartment to the stranger from Kentucky.—West. Ensign.

Horrific.—We have rarely read a more horrific account than is detailed in the reports of the New-York papers of yesterday. According to the Courier, on Tuesday morning about 10 o'clock, Mr. M. Hamlin, Officer of the 4th Ward, found an unfortunate man, named William Kittlemen, lying at the foot of Dover street, in a state of insensibility, and apparently laboring under the effects of intoxication.

The Officer very carefully conveyed the poor man to the lower Police Office, where a complaint was duly made before a magistrate, and he was fined \$5, and ordered to be committed, under proper care, to the City Prison. He was taken in, and though utterly insensible, was thrust by the administrators into a place called the "hole in the wall," a place appropriate to the confinement of noisy and drunken persons.

Here the unfortunate wretch was suffered to remain without care or attention until towards evening, when an uproarious customer was brought in, and being a proper subject for punishment, was put into the "hole in the wall," and to make room for him, the subject was removed and put above into a cell in the body of the Prison. It was about 8 o'clock in the afternoon, that this removal was made, and the "drunken" man was suffered to remain locked up in his cell unseen by any human eye, not offered the least care or subsistence—not even a cup of cold water, till 7 o'clock on Friday morning, when, on opening the cell, what a scene presented itself! The man was lying dead upon his back. The entire of his face, from the forehead to the chin, was eaten off by rats, as was also a portion of the neck, perforating the jugular vein!

We imagine it will be a difficult matter for the Officers of the Prison to clear their consciences of the death of that man.—Reg.

It is a common error to suppose that the solvency of a bank depends on the amount of specie in its vaults, but such a test can no more apply to a bank than an individual. The farmer has his lands and negroes, the townsmen has his houses and lots, and yet neither may have a hundred dollars in specie. Money is profitable only when invested, and few people care to have idle money about them when it can be made useful. A bank then, like an individual, may have here on the safest and most valuable property in the State, and yet have very little specie. It is not necessary to the safety of a bank that she should have any specie at all; and the laws formed to compel the banks to keep a certain portion of specie operate mainly in keeping specie perpetually floating between one country and another, and different parts of the same country. The great object of specie is to pay balances, and like cotton and tobacco, it will find its level of itself. Laws and combinations may embarrass trade, and keep up for awhile a fictitious state of things, but the common level will be found at last.—Norfolk Beacon.

Stump Speeches.—We have listened to a great many Stump Speeches, and it is amusing to observe how invariably, and how very impartially, each Candidate, when describing the sort of Representative, whom he "wishes and enlightened Constituents" ought to return, *draws a portrait of himself*, blazoning all his achievements and disparaging the conduct of his opponent. We have just met with a good *Anecdote* of Mirabeau, which illustrates this ruling passion. Anxious to be elected to the National Assembly of France, Mirabeau, who was horridly disfigured by the Small-pox, made a long Speech to the voters, minutely pointing out the precise requisites that a proper and efficient member ought to possess, and, of course, drawing as accurate a likeness as possible of himself. He was answered by Talleyrand, who contested himself with the following short Speech: "It appears to me, gentlemen, that Mons. Mirabeau has omitted to state the most important of all his legislative qualifications, and I will supply his deficiency by impressing upon your attention, that a perfectly unobjectionable member of the Assembly ought, above all things, to be very much marked with the Small-pox." Talleyrand got the laugh, which in France, as in America, generally carries the election, and beat his adversary all hollow.—Raleigh Register.

Silk.—Arrangements are making to accommodate as many as 1,000 delegates to a National Silk Convention, to be held at Washington on the 10th of December, for the exhibition of the many specimens of American manufactured silks to be brought in competition for the prizes offered by the American Silk Society.

They thought differently. Washington and Madison have both been guilty of perjury, or else they believed that the Constitution gave Congress power to charter a Bank. By the course of negotiating and rendering uniform the Currency, or each of these illustrations may give the name of his name officially to a bank charter. We suppose that they did this as a matter of expediency, not differing in the constitutionality of the act at the time. Does any one suppose that General Washington would give the sanction of his name to any measure in direct violation of the Constitution, as a precedent to any measure fraught with so much danger to liberty, as some would have us believe inseparable from that? Strange that a man who occupied so lofty an eminence, who stood unimpeached and unimpeachable before the world, and who passed unnoticed beneath the marvelling scrutiny of his enemies and the enemies of liberty, during trials, privations and difficulties, ready flying to the lot of any man, should afterwards calmly and deliberately by his own act, leave this one bad blot upon his otherwise unimpeachable fame. Mr. Madison too, would not suffer by a comparison with some politicians of the present day, either in point of intelligence or single devotion to his country's welfare. He wrote the Constitution of the United States, and until the contrary is proved, he would be no violent presumption to believe that he understood what he had written, at any rate or nearly as any exponent of the present day. Having taken an oath to sustain this instrument, he signed the charter of the late U. S. Bank.—The Union, at such of these periods, was much embarrassed, the measure was found to answer the purpose for which it was intended, the country was restored to safety and prosperity. As our rulers in the present advanced state of knowledge, are disposed to look coldly and with distrust on the short sighted policy of such men as Washington and Madison, we wish to know what is to be done, (if any thing) for the relief of the present embarrassment and distress of the country. We care nothing about a United States Bank further than it may be conducive to the general welfare, and as there is no prospect at present of its adoption, the country has a right to demand information on the subject. The Sub-Treasury is the only scheme at present probably spoken of. In what way this plan may affect the stability and uniformity in the Currency we are unable to perceive—very truly, all the banks will be broken, but what advantage will that afford. True, the government power and patronage will be greatly increased—government officers and favorites will make without any exertion independent fortunes, the timid opposers of misrule will be frightened, the degraded and vicious will be brought into terms—honest men will have to pay 10 to 30 per cent to government hucksters for gold to pay taxes, for the maintenance in luxury and idleness these same hucksters. After the Sub-Treasury has effected all this, will we be any better off than at present? We are unable to perceive in what way. Compare this result with the results following the management of Washington and Madison, during periods of difficulty and embarrassment, and then the people may be able to judge and decide for themselves.

The Chairman of the Charleston Board of Health announces, through the papers of that City, the general restoration of its health.

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The news of the suspension produced great anxiety on reaching Cincinnati. According to the Gazette of that City, there is "rain either way" to the Banks in Ohio. If they do not suspend, they will be quickly drained of their Specie; and if they do, their corporate existence is necessarily forfeited within thirty days, without further legislative action.—Raleigh Register.

Tennessee Legislature.—This body met on Monday, the 7th instant. In the Senate, T. S. Love (V. B.) was elected Speaker, W. H. Hill, Clerk, and William Martin, Assistant Clerk. The vote stood:—

Van Buren 13, Whig 10.

In the other House, Jonas E. Thomas was elected Speaker, Granville S. Crotchet, Clerk, and Lycurgus Winchester Assistant Clerk. The vote stood, V. Buren 42, Whig 33.

So soon, as the organization was completed, Mr. Castleman, a Whig member from Davidson county, moved the usual Resolution, to invite the ministers of Nashville to open the proceedings every morning with Prayer. Contrary to all expectations, it was immediately opposed by a Loco Foco, and on a final vote, was indefinitely postponed.

The Bank of the United States and the Paris Bankers.—The following paragraph is from the New York Express:

"Only one Bill of the United States Bank has been returned to this country, and that was a bill of ninety thousand francs—less than twenty thousand dollars; which in the negotiations at Paris slipped back to this country, and was instantly paid by the Bank here. All the other bills have been accepted, and we know that those on France will be met. Those on England are accepted, and it is believed they will be paid. Since the acceptance, over two millions of dollars have been sent forward to meet them. It is now stated, and by authority, that Hottinguer & Co. of Paris were bound by their agreement to honour these drafts. If this be true, their want of good faith has been of incalculable injury to the institution and to the Public."

We have information, says the National Gazette, which states that seven thousand regulars are to be sent to Florida, among them the 9th infantry and a large portion of the artillery, are to go to the Northern frontier, and likewise the 1st regiment of dragoons. Gen. Taylor has been authorized to send to Cuba for a large number of blood-heads.—Petersburg Intelligencer.

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—*That the* *stranger* *was* *Henry* *Clay.* *The* *landlady* *was* *Steetee* *(now* *of* *the* *Astor* *House)* *who* *for* *that* *night* *gave* *up* *his* *comfortable* *apartment* *to* *the* *stranger* *from* *Kentucky*.—West. Ensign.

Also, on Monday next, the election for two members of Congress and members to the State Legislature and County Officers takes place in Mississippi. Both parties are doing their utmost to carry the State, but we hope, from the fact that Mr. Frémont has taken the field, that the Whigs will soon be victorious.

UNITED STATES BANK OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Among the many vile practices adopted to misrepresent the truth and delude the people, none is more glaring and absurd than the attempt of the administration press and the demagogues of the party, to hold this institution responsible for the present and past financial disasters of the country. In the excess of their zeal to impose on the ignorant and pander to their prejudices, a *State Bank* is continually spoken of as a *National Bank*—and becomes a single Bank in the State of Pennsylvania cannot regulate the currency and prevent the most ruinous fluctuations in trade, it is greatly considered by these political whizzes that *National* *Institution* would be inefficient for that purpose! What is the United States Bank of Pennsylvania? Has the Government of the United States any more connection with, or control over this Bank, than it has over the State Bank of North Carolina? Not a particle. Yet we constantly hear and see the song of the Administration partisans, rung upon the watchwords of the Party—"the Muster" "Biddle and the Bank"—the "acting Regulator" 7 o'clock on Friday morning, when, on opening the cell, what a scene presented itself! The man was lying dead upon his back. The entire of his face, from the forehead to the chin, was eaten off by rats, as was also a portion of the neck, perforating the jugular vein!

We imagine it will be a difficult matter for the Officers of the Prison to clear their consciences of the death of that man.—Reg.

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Laws and combinations may embarrass trade, and keep up for awhile a fictitious state of things, but the common level will be found at last.—Norfolk Beacon.

WHERE WILL THE END BE?

Another suspension of specie payments by several Banks has taken place, which we fear is a prelude to a general suspension throughout the country. What will be the result of the uncertainty in the solvency of the Banks, produced by this step? What will be the result of this constant vacillation in the value of the circulating medium? Every branch of business will be fluctuating and unsafe, confidence between man and man will be lost, enterprise will languish, improvements will be abandoned, education will be neglected, bankruptcy will be the portion of many a poor but honest man, Commerce and credit will perish, and our character as a nation distinguished for honesty and fidelity will be lost.

Is there no remedy for these evils? Are there no means of averting them? Yes; the remedy is at hand, the means are ample and efficient, provided we take common sense and experience for our guide.

Confine each department of our government to its own appropriate and legitimate duties, and see that these duties are faithfully performed, and the main (not to say the sole) cause of all this disorder is removed.

The Constitution provides that Congress shall make and regulate the value of our Currency. Currency, in this instance, means money that will pass—legal tender without limitation, without depreciation.

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The news of the suspension produced great anxiety on reaching Cincinnati. According to the Gazette of that City, there is "rain either way" to the Banks in Ohio. If they do not suspend, they will be quickly drained of their Specie; and if they do, their corporate existence is necessarily forfeited within thirty days, without further legislative action.—Raleigh Register.

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From the *Leavenworth Intelligencer*.

AUTUMN.

Sweet Sabbath of the year,
When wreaths lighted down,
The parting sighs, methinks I hear,
Sing from the world away.

Alone the music comes;
Their glories melt in dust;
As like the things we really prize,
Seem leveller as they live.

A deep and crimson streak,
The dying leaves decline;
As on *Concord's* winding bank,
Midst red blushing the rose.

Tell me each autumn brings,
Of beauty to decay;
Of fair and only faded things,
The exhalation to say.

Of days that come no more;
Of hours when hours is bid;
Of friends wane upon the shore;
Of friends estranged, or dead.

Of all that now may come,
To memory's mortal eye;
The transient beauty of a dream,
Over which I grieve and sigh.

YIELD NOT TO DARK DESPAIR.

Not then that heart that loves thee
In this dark world of care,
Whose gentle smile approves thes—
Hold not to dark despair.

One rose, whose fragrant blossom
Blooms but for thee alone;
One friend, regarding whose
Whose love is all thine own.

One gentle star to guide thee,
And thou then on thy way,
The stars when storms let loose
Still lead its gentle ray.

One慈慈的 springing
Within life's desert waste,
Whose waters still are bringing
Refreshment to the taste.

One tuneful voice to cheer thee
When sorrow has distract;
One honest when thou art weary,
Whosoever thy heart to rest.

Till that fair rose is faded,
Till the cold heart be warm,
Till those stars have shone,
Held not the passing storm—

Till the kind voice that blest thee,
All unto death doth lie,
And the faint that oft refreshed thee—
Yield not to dark despair.

WISCELLANEOUS.

From the *Knicknocker* for August.

Cleaning a Couch.

By MARY FRANC.

It is not many months, since, that I had been travelling day and night, over roads of iron, for nearly a week, until my sense of hearing was almost destroyed, by the continual *fix fix*, *fix fix* of the steam engine, the incessant *ding ding, ding ding*, of the steam bell, and the prolonged rumble, rumble, rumble, of the rail car's wheels. My eyes too, were well nigh destroyed by sparks of fire, and flying ashes; but above all, from the want of rest and sleep. It will be readily imagined, therefore, that it was with no ordinary degree of pleasure, that I exchanged a seat with an upright wooden back, in a rail road car, for the slightly more luxury of a couch which was to take me to my place of destination. A blessing rest upon those old time conveyances, the bare mention of which calls up a thousand recollections of social pleasures, that come thronging and fluttering about the nib of my pen, like moths around a bright light on a summer evening. But, beautiful creatures! I can only apostrophize you now. Some other time, I will implore you upon the end of my quill, and preserve your slight form in ink.

The day was remarkably fine: the road lay through the pleasant parts of pleasant Connecticut, near the picturesque valley of the Housatonic; our cattle were sleek and fat looking; the driver was civil and well dressed; and the couch itself was a masterpiece. There was not a rent in the curtains; nor a spring out of order. There were but two passengers, besides myself, one of whom was one of those good natured humorists, who I believe live all their lives in stage coaches, for I never met with one any where else; and the other was an invalid with his face tied up so that he could not speak.

Never had a weary traveller a sweater prospect of enjoying a refreshing nap. We had travelled about a mile, and the easy motion of the couch had just begun to put me and my fellow travellers into a pleasant sleep, when a shrill voice exclaiming, "Stop! stop!" caused the driver to rein up, which caused me from the delightful state of incipient consciousness into which I was sinking.

It was an elderly lady, with a monstrous head, a paper covered trunk, and a little girl. We were of course debared the satisfaction of saying a single ill natured word. The driver dismounted from his box, and having stored away the lady's baggage, proceeded to stand by to stow herself away in the couch.

"Driver," said the lady "do you know Deacon Hitchcock."

"No, am'm," replied the driver, "I have only driven this road about."

"I wonder if either of them know him?" she said, putting her hand on the couch.

"I don't say the humorist; but I know Deacon Hitchcock, that will answer your purpose."

"Don't neither of them other gentlemen know him?" she enquired.

"I shook my head, negatively; for I was afraid to speak, lest I should disrupt the charm that sleep had begun to shed over me; and the invalid shook his head, as he was unable to speak.

"Well, then, I don't know whether to get in or not," said the lady; "for I must see Deacon Hitchcock, before I go home. I am a lone widow lady, all the way from the state of New Hampshire, and the deacon

was a very particular friend of my husband; this little girl's father who has died two long years; and I should like to see him 'mazinly.'

"Does he live about here?" asked the driver. "Well, don't know for certain," said the lady; "but he lives somewhere in Connecticut—This is the first time I was ever so far from home. I live in the state of New Hampshire and it is a dreadful unpleasantness; I feel a little anxious about riding all alone in a stage with gentlemen that I never see before in my life."

"There's no danger ma'am," said the driver, "the gentlemen won't hurt you."

"Well, perhaps they won't; but it's very unpleasant for a lady to be so far from home; I live in the state of New Hampshire; and that her husband had been dead two years, she got in and took her seat."

"I will take your fare ma'am," said the driver.

"How much is it?" asked the lady.

"Four and six pence," said the driver, "for yourself and the little girl."

"Well, that is a monstrous sight of money; for a little girl's passage, like that; her father my husband has been dead these two long years and I was never so far from home before in all my life. I live in the state of New Hampshire. It is very unpleasant for a lady; but I dare say neither of them gentlemen would see me imposed upon."

"I will take your fare if you please ma'am," again said the driver in a tone bordering somewhat on impatience.

"How much did you say it was?—three and six pence?" asked the lady.

"Four and six pence, if you please ma'am," said the driver.

"O, four and six pence!" And after a good deal of fumbling and shaking of pockets, she at last produced a half dollar and a York shilling, and put them in the driver's hand.

"This is not enough ma'am," said the driver, "I want nine pence more."

"What—ain't we in York state? she asked eagerly.

"I'll make that other nine pence, if you please ma'am," said the driver, "it's six shillings York money."

"Well," said the lady, "I used to be quite good at reckoning, when I was to home in the state of New Hampshire: I've reckoned many a fish 'v'yage; but since I have got so far from home I b'lieve I am beginning to lose my mental faculties."

"I'll make that other nine pence, if you please ma'am," said the driver, in a voice approaching a little nearer to impatience. At last, after making allusions two or three times more to her native state, and her deceased husband (happy man!) she handed the driver his nine pence; and we were once more in motion. Although my fellow travellers remained silent all the time she was disputing with the driver, yet they looked as though they were wishing the New Hampshire lady some of the worst woes that could be imagined.

"Do you think it dangerous on this road? I began the lady, as soon as the door was closed. "I am a very lengthy way from home, in the State of New Hampshire; and if anything should happen I don't know what I should do. I am quite unfamiliar with travelling; and I hope you won't think me obtuse, I am a widow lady, my husband this little girl's father, has been dead these two years coming this spring; and I am going with her to the Springs; she has got a dreadful bad complaint in her stomach—Are you going to the Springs, sir; addressing herself to the invalid who shook his head in reply.

"Are you?" she asked, turning to me.

"No."

"Ah, I am very sorry; I should like to put myself under the care of some clever gentleman; it is so awful for a lady to be so far from home, without a protector; I am from the State of New Hampshire, and this is the first time I ever went a travelling in my life. Do you know any body in New Hampshire?"

"No madam, I do not," said the humorist, "and I hope you will excuse me for saying that I never wish to."

"Well, now that is very strange," continued the possessor, "I haven't met a single soul that I know, since I left home; and I am in a public way, too; I follow school keepin', mostly for an occupation; and I am acquainted with all the first people in the state. I have been a school teacher ever since my husband died, this poor little girl's father, two years ago; and I am very well known in Rocky bottom, Rockingham county, in the state of New Hampshire; I know all the first gentlemen in the place. There's Squire Goodwin, Squire Cushman, Mr. Timothy Heavens, Mr. Zacchaeus Up-hill Doctor David—"

"Heavens and earth!" exclaimed the humorist, "I can stand this! Driver! stop, and let me get out!"

"Ah, are you going, sir?" she asked, addressing the humorist.

"No, I am not," he replied; "and if I were—But the contingency was inwardly pronounced.

The driver reined up, and the humorist took his value in his hand and jumped out, followed by the invalid, who set out to walk back to the tavern we had left behind us.

At length, the New Hampshire lady would understand the cause of our fellow travellers' departure, and leave me in the care of my nap.

"I never slept in a nap before," she said.

"Well, my uncle Barney O'Dermot lived a profligate till the day of his death—and he always said it was Father McCorken who kem dismised as the devil, to stave his money chest; because, said my uncle, 'he found it mighty inconvenient to sit down for a month afterwards.'

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